

# D I

## "100 Bar Blackout"

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yeah this all?  
no doubt  
a yo  
100 bar blackout yo uh

I set the sirens off every time i step in the streets  
if you get the feds you better put a weapon to me  
i want metal shit that will turn your vest in debris  
blow you away like the winter drown your ass in the sea  
sink you lower than the titanic  
so many niggas is benched  
it's like a man with no legs i can't stand it  
yawl cats is pussy might as well come with a wig  
get your self some d cups and try to change to ya fig  
i run trains with my niggas yo we tag team hoes  
when your crew get on the stage it's like a drag queen  
show  
except yawl ain't got no wigs or skits  
and yawl front like you gangsta till you see a gun in  
your shirt  
it only take a bullet shot to put one in the dirt  
and you better hope that it miss one of them nerds  
cuz the vests is getting better, ya heard?  
had to offer you to speak with ya jaw week, shit for  
words  
you probably wondering if i'm crazy or not  
there's only one way to find out nigga but a thing to my  
top  
and if you wonder what a piece could do  
i bust bleed in ya boo, make her offer you to breathe or  
move  
i act wild when i bang, nigga d's a fool  
but if your chick see me, she'll be leaving you  
i take you to the strip and show you what a g can do  
i want burners so hot make you heat the room  
want ice that will make the bride leave the groom  
make jakes, cold stakes with a fleet and scoop(?)  
i'm so cold i be making niggas heat they tombs  
and hop in with the quickness to meet they doom  
you gotta be the one who made me to stop this kid  
fuck with smoke that will make a nigga's nostrils bleed  
you better see me when you got a doc cold in your

palm  
and a priest on your arm that could leave you to God  
i've been sick since the day i was born  
doctors had to tranquilize me in my arms just for  
keeping me calm  
that's why i build a tolerance for the drugs  
air packs and hollow tips to your mug spill your brains  
on the rug  
slice your wrists up just so i can play with your blood  
and like d (?) spill your face in the tub  
yo, does this mic have a battery pac?  
it would probably have to recharge 10 times to hand  
my raps  
nigga fuck it i ain't plannin a hook  
my rhymes are so hot, everyday i gotta put a fan in my  
book  
that's why i spit like it's fire in words  
i gotta rhyme on a cordless mic or the wire would burn  
mad nigga's wanna chill without he best  
yo the only way you can hang with me is with a rope to  
your neck  
and you probably wonder when imam stop  
nigga i an't gonna stop till the ak ain't able to drop  
till your blood aint able to spill  
i got so many bodies on my waste the government  
made me a field  
just so i could fuckin bury them all  
i paid so many visits to the grave that i had to mary the  
morgue  
did you hear? had to marry the morgue  
i cut your fans hands off so you can't get a round of  
applause  
i want a whip that could level the ground  
and if you old to the game, best believe imam setting  
you down  
except it ain't gonna be with a wife  
it's gonna be with a knife  
if i can't bust a (?) in a night  
i'm a little hungry man bro i'll shoot you in the stomach  
then put a key of coke in your wounds to numb it  
to spit a verse i wrote it's like a grope of hard liquor  
nigga it'll burn your throat  
give you stomach pains that spaz you out  
eat you from the inside so the doctors had to drag you  
out  
gag em out  
you ain't real, nigga you a fag who (?)  
i know a chick that will bag your spouse  
get you shot in an hour or less  
shower your vest  
(?) big bites that devour your flesh

i can see that it's a game to you  
you shouldn't play with a nigga that's better more  
flame than you  
more clicks, more frames than you  
more real, more ill, more will, more brains than you  
the only thing i an't got is more fame than you  
but a 400 shot 12 gauge will do  
can't do it, imam page your boo  
catch her late night  
spit game, tell that chick to beg for food  
pitch you (?) something that won't make ya move  
wake you up to a tech, and a (?)  
that ain't even half of what imam do  
tie you up on the couch seal blows till your face is blue  
have your whole fam hating you  
and to think, that's a gram nigga, pictures what an 8th  
could do

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